

Oxford Democrat.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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the Daily Advertiser Office, Boston, is our Agent for

the office of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and

Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

FOR THE

The Electric Telegraph.

With a view to the extension of the

telegraphic system, the following

lines are now in operation:

From New York to New Orleans, via

Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston.

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THE STORY TELLER.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for June 1849.

LIGHT WEIGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It generally happens that those who try to

overreach others, overreach themselves in the

end. This was the case with Farmer Edmonds.

He was laying up money as fast as any of his

neighbors, whose means of accumulation were

no greater than his own, and ought to have been

satisfied and thankful. But unfortunately, the

desires of Farmer Edmonds, like those of a great

many other people, were always a little in

advance of his income. Once a week he came

regularly to the Philadelphia market, a distance

of fifteen miles, with his produce; and he never

went home entirely satisfied with the amount re-

ceived for his poultry, eggs, butter, fruit or veg-

etables, unless prices were at the highest mark

on the scale. The very face of a customer who

paid him thirty-eight cents for a pound of butter,

or twenty-five cents for a dozen of eggs, was a

pleasant rather than a disagreeable object to his

eyes, for so he won, he cared not a farthing who

lost.

One day, Mr. G.—a well-known citizen,

who had frequently bought from Edmonds,

stopped at the stall where the farmer exhibited

his various things for sale, taking hold of a pair

of fine-looking chickens, asked the price.

"Seventy-five," replied the farmer.

The chickens were large, and Mr. G.—did

not think the price high.

"Are they young and tender?" he inquir-

ed.

"Is it possible," said Edmonds, smiling in a pe-

culiar way, "that an old market like you can't

tell a pair of young chickens?"

"Now, Mr. G.—could buy of almost any one.

It was not often that a tough old rooster or gob-

bler was passed off upon him; but on the present

occasion, the words of the farmer completely

disarmed him. Of course, the chickens must

be as tender as the skin would admit of break-

ing from looking at them, and felt a little piqued

that he had not been able to perceive this in-

stantly, so lifting them in his basket, he said—

"I'll take them."

Seventy-five cents were handed over and

packaged by the farmer without any compari-

sons, notwithstanding the pair of birds sold to

Mr. G.—might have belonged to Noah's men-

agerie for all the teeth of those who happened

to be called to eat them would be able to tell to

the contrary.

As G.—walked home, he recalled the pe-

culiar expression and tone of the farmer, and a

suspicion that all was not right flitted through

his mind; but he had dealt with Edmonds for

years, and though he had always found him

honest and well up to the mark, in prices, he

had never before felt him seeking to gain an ad-

vantage over a customer. He wished however

he had used his own judgment in making the

purchase, instead of buying on so equivocal a

recommendation as that of the farmer.

"If those chickens should be tough," he mused,

"I shall have a lesson in a threatening way, as my

mother used to say."

When he came to Mr. G.—'s house, he found

him in his place of business. As he sat down to

the table, a large plump pair of chickens were

before him, beautifully broiled, and their sa-

vor was being poured out of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

very strong perfume of the kitchen, some with

OLD PUT'S GALLOWES.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The New York Sunday Times gives some in-

teresting particulars, by H. A. Buckingham,

Esq., relative to the capture of Lieut. Palmer, a

British spy.

Near Peekskill, not far from the main road,

stands a clump of forest trees, among which an

aged hickory is conspicuous. It bore for a long

time, and still bears, I believe, the name of 'Old

Put's Gallowes,' from the fact that it was the place

of military execution when Putnam commanded

the line.

In the early part of August, 1777, General

Tyron was at the British outposts, near Kin's

bridge. It will be remembered that he was

royal Governor of New York at the commence-

ment of the revolution, and a full colonel of

British regulars. After war broke out, he was

placed on active service and raised to a general's

rank, with power to recruit and equip a tory

company or brigade from the Americans who yet

remained loyal to the crown and government of

Great Britain.

For a long time it had been a favorite project

with Putnam that an attempt should be made to

recapture the city of New York. From all ac-

counts it appears that Washington did not dis-

like the plan, but, with prudent caution, did not

wish to hazard at that time the risk of a defeat.

Putnam, however, made several feints and false

movements at his outposts to alarm Sir Henry

Clinton, in which he succeeded, and thus kept

the British troops within the city for its protec-

tion, that otherwise aided by the fleet, would

have been ravaging the adjacent shores of other

States. It became necessary to Sir Henry

Clinton that he should know the position and

condition of Putnam's troops, more accurately,

and also endeavor, if possible, to ascertain what

parties in the city gave Putnam such an accurate

knowledge of all his, Clinton's plans.

Tyron was busy raising 'new levies,' and for

him Sir Henry sent.

"General Tyron," he said, "I must know the

position of Putnam's troops, and their number,

including his fresh battalions of militia. You

ought to find some one—a native—who has en-

listed in your corps, that will go into the high-

lands and obtain it for us. The reward shall be

liberal, and if successful, the person shall be ad-

vanced in grade."

"I think I have such a man, Sir Henry,"

Sergeant in De Lancey's Regiment. He enlisted

only about a week ago, and is intelligent and

ambitious. He has friends on the other side

who do not know he has joined us yet."

"The very man. Go and send him."

General Tyron was absent about two hours,

for he had to send to Harlem, where the Ser-

geant was stationed, undergoing a drill with

others of the 'new levies,' and their officers.

"I have seen the man and had a long con-

versation with him," said Tyron, when he entered.

"He is willing to undertake it on one condition,

and that only a condition of pride."

"What is it?"

"That he receives a Lieutenant's commission

at once. He will then depart the instant you

require, and is confident of success."

"Do you know him to be worthy of reliance?"

"From all that I can learn, as well as from

my own judgment, I should not doubt it in the

least."

"Then let his commission be made out, and

send him with it to me. If I have the same

opinion of him then I will sign it."

The young sergeant soon made his ap-

pearance. He was not more than three and twenty

years of age, of good personal appearance, and

a cunning twinkle about his black eye denoting

THE NEW ENGLANDER.

It is the New Englander over which a New

England will probably bleed the child whose

cradle is rocked by the hand whose slumber is

lulled by the prayers of a New England

mother. The spirit of the Boston policy is re-

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